

SHALL POLITICS KEEP OUR ARMY INEFFECTIVE?

Great Military Authority Sees Dangers in Present System—United States Must Change Its Policy or Suffer Loss of Prestige and Power.

The Tribune here presents the first of an exclusive series of articles dealing with our military policy, written by Professor Johnston, who is one of the foremost military scientists of the country, professor of history at Harvard and co-editor of "The Military Historian and Economist." He proposes to analyze our defence problem and suggest modern methods by which we can strengthen our position so far as it relates to an efficient military system.

By Professor R. M. Johnston.

IN THE series of articles of which this is the first I propose considering the problem of national defence as a military, not as a political, proposition. And this distinction is vital. Hitherto politics have created our armies, politicians have commanded our armies and in the period following the Civil War our armies—that is, our pensioned armies—have controlled politics.

But these little indulgences of a free people in an irresponsible continent have had their day. The nations are elbowing one another more and more vigorously in the rapidly congesting avenues of trade. And if we attempt to hold our own against the hustlers of militaristic commerce by creating a new Grand Army we may as well throw up the sponge at once. It is a technical proposition that we are up against as a nation, and technically I propose to discuss it.

I shall attempt, first of all, to indicate briefly some of the economic factors that govern modern war and that affect the United States especially. The application of these factors to the organization and mode of employment of armies, together with the value of armies in terms of war work, will next be touched on; and this will naturally lead to a consideration of the problems of territorial distribution, reserve systems, mobilization, concentration and the control of railroads.

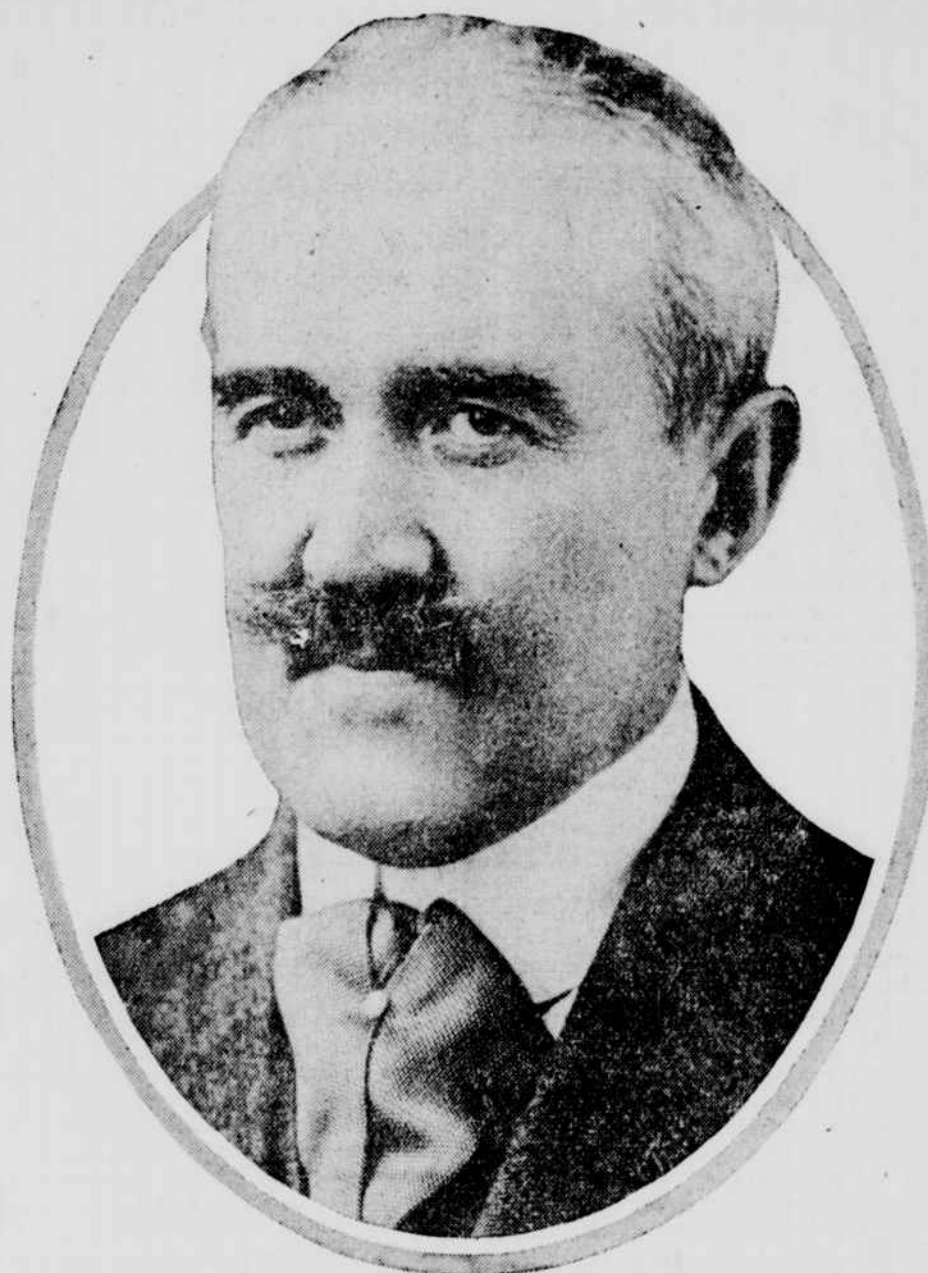
Next, turning to the definite problems of defence actually before us, a rapid discussion of the function of our fleet and its relation to national defence will be followed by an examination of the question of the staff of the

army, its training and the education of the army in general. A summary of modern doctrines on the conduct of war and military organization will lead to the conclusion in the form of definite recommendations for the reorganization and increase of our forces.

As we look out on Europe and attempt to search down below the diplomacies, trade jealousies and racial antagonisms that have been large factors in bringing about the present war, expansion of population intimately associated with industrial development stands out clearly. Over and over again history has witnessed similar phenomena—population increases abnormally, great wars follow. It was so when the Arabian tide of conquest burst over Europe; a great expansion of population preceded the wars of the French Revolution, and Germany to-day is in the same case.

This matter of density and expansion, which goes hand in hand with industrialism, is at the foundations of correct military thought. The densely populated country is likely, though not certain, to fight for markets. It is strong to support armies because of its resources. It is equally weak to resist armies if unprepared because it supports the invader. On the other hand, a thinly peopled country, while strong for purposes of resistance, is weak for purposes of offence. This range of facts will bear a little closer investigation.

Russia, whose conditions offer many parallels with those of the United States, is a good example to consider. In proportion to her size Russia is a weak military power; she is agricultural, not industrial. Poland and the district near Moscow alone have considerable density of population and military resources.



Professor R. M. Johnston, Who Pleads for a Scientific Revision of Our Military Policy.

Hence it follows that to wage war Russia has to rely, for the most part, on the industrial resources of France, England, Japan and the United States. Poland represents in terms of territory only one-fortieth of European Russia, but in terms of military power it represents one-fifth. The occupation of this valuable district by Germany means therefore a considerable displacement in her favor. And it may be noted that the Russian territory now held by Germany, however small its proportion to the bulk of Russia, includes about eight and a half of the twenty-five army corps districts of European Russia.

And this is the real measure of Germany's success. She has diminished Russia's military power by something like one-third and will increase her own correspondingly. Indeed we may view as credible the relegation of the Muscovite empire to the steppes, which

are impossible to conquer, but impotent to maintain armies on a modern basis.

Take Russia from another angle. At the time of the Manchurian war she removed her army from Poland to the east after securing guarantees from Germany, but these guarantees were paid for in a treaty of commerce that has resulted in Germany selling Russia from that time to this something like 90 per cent of all metal manufactured goods, save for a few special articles. The war now raging is largely to maintain that advantageous situation on the part of Germany, and on the part of her opponents to get rid of this economic suzerainty.

If we turn to Turkey we find interesting facts of the same general character. The opinion appears to prevail in England and the United States that Germany has views of spoliation and conquest over the Ottoman

New York, Greatest of War Prizes, Could Be Taken Easily—Ocean Is Not a Protection—Difficulty of Defending Long Coast Line.

Empire and that at some early date she will play the Turk false and leave him in the lurch.

Such views will not bear close examination. The policy of Germany, military and diplomatic, is founded on pure business calculation. If you turn to the German specialists on Turkish affairs—and none is more authoritative than Field Marshal von der Goltz—the impression left is very clear. Turkey is incapable, for a considerable time to come, of industrial development. Her active element, like the Young Turk party, looks to political, not economic, aims. The more Germany bolsters up Turkey the more there is likely to be formed anew a great military state in Asia Minor, that will threaten, for religious reasons, the three great enemies of Germany—in the Caucasus, in India and Egypt and along the North African coast. And that state can easily be made the best of customers and of suppliers for Germany's industries. The Kaiser's diplomacy is never brilliant and sometimes clumsy, but it is not capable of such folly as injuring the Turk save by palming off on him those numerous articles from tinpots and Krupp shells that are world celebrated as "made in Germany."

In the United States we have a country even more thinly populated than Russia, save for the dense triangle, Chicago, Richmond, Boston. Apart from this district the country would be powerless to wage war—that is, war on the armed nation basis. On the other hand, it would offer too few resources to admit of conquest, with a possible reservation as to California. So that in reality, when we consider the problem of our approaching clash with European powers, we must figure our country in economic-military terms as presenting a front to Europe roughly at 400 miles, supported by a district extending back irregularly 600 or 700 miles, possessing the means required for maintaining that front. The rest of the country hardly counts, save for patches of economic resources here and there, mostly in the interior.

NEW YORK A DESIRABLE POSITION.

Within that triangle New York is the greatest centre of latent war power and yet is the most easy prize awaiting an invader in the whole civilized world. Its possession would place a hostile army in an enviable situation. For the many millions of inhabitants centred there draw their supplies from a vast area reaching well beyond Chicago. The sale of

those supplies is the living of large regions, and for this reason, together with humanitarian considerations, New York could not be deprived of its food and would therefore nourish the invader.

In a similar way we can see that the business of the whole country centres in the New York banks and that every hour an enemy held the city would be so costly to the whole country that any ransom demanded for its evacuation would presumably be paid and paid at once. We have, in fact, in New York the strongest possible illustration of the power and of the weakness of the densely populated region in terms of modern war.

To reach New York the sea must be crossed, and by a quite obvious process of reasoning many view the ocean as a protection. In some ways, though not in all, it is precisely the reverse. Later I propose to discuss both the function of the fleet and the value of our existing fleet if we are forced to use it as a line of defence. For the present I will only point out that transportation by sea has of late years been enormously developed by the increased tonnage of steamers. It is cheaper and, for masses of men, far more rapid than land transportation. A coast line of 400 miles cannot be fortified adequately except at prohibitive expenditures of men and money.

THE OCEAN NOT A PROTECTION.

These questions are each and all complex, but the present conclusion need be nothing more than that the ocean, so far from being a protection, is the very best means for conveying an army to our shores under the conditions that are now developing.

Our account is not, however, wholly on the debit side. One advantage we possess to a high degree. We are economically self-contained, or nearly so. Even in the case of the most dangerous war we could face—against a combination of the greatest European and of the greatest Asiatic power—we can feed ourselves and supply our armies. A very few years ago we could also have made the whole of our trade movement internal and self-supporting. And we are still near enough to that situation to regard that aspect of the problem with great confidence.

In my next article I shall examine the factors that enable the armed nation to produce the maximum of war work at the minimum of expenditure.

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The Ladies Tilt Their Lances at Free Speech Dragon

And, Sadly Enough, He Vanquishes Them With His Polite Indomitableness, So Elizabeth Gurley Flynn is Still Barred From Paterson, N. J.

THE ladies went to Paterson last week to demand that audience be granted to that "sweetest noise on earth, a woman's tongue." Thirty strong, and armed with the democratic principle of free speech, they went to call forth the sweetest noise of the specific and particular tongue of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, the tongue that Paterson had said it would never listen to again, the noise that Paterson had vowed was the worst noise it had ever heard. And they came away, baffled and defeated, but, true to the type of suffragists, entirely indomitable.

Miss Flynn had been I. W. W.-ing too much for the happiness and comfort of the good people of Paterson, and one night was carried out of a meeting, rather roughly, but quite successfully. It was an indignity to her, her cause and the American doctrine that people may say what they please (slander and "profane, indecent and abusive language" excepted). A group of interested women decided to protest. The date was set and was preceded by much effective newspaper publicity. Plans were laid.

We met for dinner on the fateful evening at the Dutch Oven, where excitement immediately ran high. The Dutch-clad maids whirled around in the flurry of serving so many strong-minded women at once. The tables buzzed with talk—"her legal status in the courts," "calling her from the floor," "Do you actually imagine we might be arrested?"

"Oh, anything that's already cooked and black coffee." All eyes turned at one time or another to the round face in the boyish black hat over there by the mantel, the face with the lifted, humorous eyebrows, the pleasant mouth and the steady gray eyes. For that was the face that Paterson had cast from its midst, because it was the face that the working people of Paterson were beginning to know and like too well. She smiled at her friends rather seriously, and they all said she was a bit frightened.

"Because she is afraid she will be arrested?"

"Because she is afraid she won't."

Rather a bold fear, one thinks, for a young woman about to enter the city of the forbidden. For Paterson has an alert police service that has learned from experience what to do with free speakers and the like. (And right at that juncture one humble reporter that I know approached a kind friend and borrowed the price of bail, not caring a whit that "My Night in Jail" would make a fairish yarn.

In the midst of everything a man clapped his hands, told us we'd have to hurry to catch the 7:25, and we all rustled around and up and out. In twos and threes, arm in arm, the crowd reached the tube, then the station—but not the train. Yes, we did what a Sunday school picnic never does, we missed the train, we, on a mission bent! It was a bit humiliating, and we could hardly believe it.

Alice Carpenter spied a bootblack. And she climbed joyfully on the stand to have her nice looking oxfords shined while we waited for the train. She was followed by Ida Proper, who had pumps, and Henrietta Rodman, whose stout square boots are the last scream in feminism, and others with varying kinds and varieties of bootery. There sat the free speakers, in a nice, contented row, having their shoes shined, when—

"Supposing we should miss the next train?" suggested somebody prudently.

"Oh, my!" they all cried and climbed promptly down.

But we did not miss the 7:45, and in due time Paterson was reached.

POLICE PROVIDE ESCORT.

We were met hospitably by plainclothes men. It is very interesting to be escorted by city officials from the station to the hall, gives you a sense of your own importance, makes you feel like an alderman or something. So we marched along in a dignified phalanx, the pung, pung, pung of our rubber heels regular and measured, our faces rigidly in front.

Elizabeth Flynn was in our centre, disguised impromptu with a strange coat and an alien hat. We thought we might get her in the hall unnoticed, or if she was discovered drive through with a sort of football flying wedge, and thus gain her triumphal entry. But Princeton was not allowed to retain the flying wedge method in football, and neither were we in free speech. For we had, in deepest truth, reckoned without our hosts.

The hosts were a substantial set of detectives, and they were lined up in martial array at the bottom of the steps of Institute Hall. There was also a crowd of villagers outside the hall. We tried to appear unconscious of the situation, and tripped merrily up the stairs. At least, we started to, but we were suddenly startled horribly by a hand on the shoulder of Elizabeth Flynn, and a mocking voice, "Oh,

no, you don't, Miss Flynn. You don't enter this hall to-night."

"What's this?" was the surprised chorus.

"Miss Flynn don't enter this hall to-night, and she knows it," came the firm words of Detective Captain Tracey.

Gasps of astonishment.

"Will you be good enough to tell us the reason for this?" asked Mary Austin, frigidly.

"The orders is to keep Miss Flynn out," replied Captain Tracey. Then more expansively: "Miss Flynn knows me, all right. I've taken care of her before."

"Do you mean to say that Miss Elizabeth Flynn cannot enter as our guest this hall which we have hired?" inquired Mrs. Robert Bruere. "Miss Flynn, I invite you to come in."

Miss Flynn made a slight movement forward. Mr. Tracey and his trusty two blocked her way.

"Do you mean to say that you prevent our going into this hall?" came a voice from the centre.

"No, ma'am, you can go in, but Miss Flynn can't."

"Mercy, what English!" came the relevant remark.

"May I ask why?" asked Henrietta Rodman.

"Because them's the orders," came the reply again, in a sort of smug I-seen-my-duty-and-I-done-it air.

"Where's your warrant?"

"Show us a badge."

"What right have you?"

"What has Miss Flynn done?"

And so on and on, remarks—free enough, they were, too—flew around, and nobody was getting any place. Then came the telling shot.

"Then, Captain Tracey, I would suggest that you arrest Miss Flynn," said Mrs. Marion Cothren, chairman.

"No, ma'am, I ain't goin' to arrest her. Just as little trouble as possible," replied the wretch, imperturbably.

He wouldn't arrest her! And that was the only thing that could save her. The police of Paterson could keep Elizabeth Flynn forcibly out of their private hired halls, and they could keep her from bringing it up as an issue in court. The women stood silent a moment. It was physical force and man against law and woman, almost an impossible fight.

"You ladies better go in and have your meeting," said the captain helpfully. "I'll take care of Miss Flynn. She and I been together before."

"I wish I had the same confidence in your chivalry that you have," said Miss Rodman sweetly, and we left them.

The meeting was an enthusiastic one, devoted to the exploitation of the principle of free speech and the bare statements of cruel

truths about Paterson to the gathered citizens. Miss Flynn's speech was read by Miss Carpenter and vociferously received. A telegram of protest was sent to President Wilson.

And after it was over Mrs. Cothren was disappointed. Miss Rodman was satisfied. Everybody was sure the next step was to get an injunction against the Police Department to keep them from interfering.

Sleepy and tired and defeated, the thirty boarded the train for New York, where women don't have to fight for that first privilege of woman, the right to talk. Sleepy and tired and defeated, but, as one of them said:

"Well, as far as free speech goes, we flattered, but considered in the light of a first battle it wasn't so bad. And it certainly was not the end!"



"No, ma'am, you can go in, but Miss Flynn can't. Them's the orders."



"There sat the Free Speakers, having their shoes shined."